

PS
2197
K742

BIANCA.

A Play of Three Acts and Two Changes of Scenes.

ACTRESSES AND ACTORS.

MISS TECLA,
MISS BIANCA,
DR. GRAEFFE,
EDWIN, his Son,
ALFRED, Friend of EDWIN, and
Brother of BIANCA.

STUDENTS, { WEBSTER, CLAY,
SUMNER, SCHURZ.

THE HONORABLE SENATOR
SCHOENLEIN,
MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN,
MISS GÜTIG, Aunt of BIANCA,
HERONIMUS LUCKY, Esq.,
A. EMSIG, Esq., a retired Millionaire,
JULIA, Maid Servant in the house
of Senator SCHOENLEIN.

BY

WILLIAM E. F. KRAUSE,

AUTHOR OF VARIOUS POETICAL AND OTHER WORKS IN THE
ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PRINTED BY JOSEPH WINTERBURN & COMPANY.

417 Clay Street, between Battery and Sansome.

1872.



Class PS 219.7

Book .K742

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

PS2197

.K742

BIANCA.

A PLAY OF THREE ACTS AND TWO CHANGES OF SCENES.

THE SCENE OF THE FIRST TWO ACTS IS LOCATED AT OAKLAND, IN DR.
MERRITT'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, NEAR THE LAKE.

THE SCENE OF THE THIRD ACT—A DRAWING-ROOM AT THE RESIDENCE OF
THE HON. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN, IN MARTINEZ.

THE ACTRESSES AND ACTORS.

MISS TECLA,
MISS BIANCA,
DR. GRAEFFE,
EDWIN, his Son,
ALFRED, Friend of EDWIN, and
Brother of BIANCA.
STUDENTS, { WEBSTER, CLAY,
SUMNER, SCHURZ.

THE HONORABLE SENATOR
SCHOENLEIN,
MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN,
MISS GÜTIG, Aunt of BIANCA,
HERONIMUS LUCKY, Esq.,
A. EMSIG, Esq., a retired Millionaire,
JULIA, Maid Servant in the house
of Senator SCHOENLEIN.

THE FIRST ACT.

Almost immediately upon the somewhat elevated shores of Lake Merritt, which are here adorned with a number of weeping willows, at the time in their luxuriant light-green foliage—a romantic spot, where two young ladies of remarkable loveliness, who have ingeniously escaped their girlhood but upon the last ball of the preceding winter, as so handsomely arranged by Messieurs the Alumni, are busily engaged gathering nimophilas, and those sweet little rose-colored star-flowers which, in sisterhood with the so-called Maiden's Hair, are the pride of the Flora of California. At the same time these aforesaid charming young ladies converse together most happily as follows :

TECLA (a beautiful blonde, gently addressing her friend):—Bianca ! how you are lost in reverie !

BIANCA (a lovely brunette, generally with extraordinary vivacity in her graceful manners — touched to the quick) — Oh, Tecla ! you frighten me !

TECLA (laughing)—Thou art born to be beloved.

BIANCA (quickly)—What a comprehensive consolation !

TECLA (changing color)—Alas ! these charming flowers ! they remind me of Krause's latest poem on Pacheco. How delightful it must be there, at this time of the year !

BIANCA (to herself, almost inaudibly, and very diligently gathering clarkias)—Only now, and now only, do I know that I love him—dearly, passionately love him. The most remarkable scenery, friends, flowers, in reality, everything, leaves me inanimate—completely so—without him !

TECLA (calmly)—Oh, do let us entreat of our parents to visit that beautiful city !

BIANCA (quickly looking up at Tecla)—Dear Tecla ! pray excuse me—what did you say ?

TECLA (calmly)—Well, simply, we shall visit Pacheco. My father never refuses me anything which I anxiously desire ; and I shall beg of Mr. Waldsworth to telegraph at once.

BIANCA (gracefully rising, and in high glee)—Pacheco did you say ?—you want to visit Pacheco ? Alas ! there I have often been. In those neighboring hills it is so beautiful ! and in our own Martinez, where Edwin searched for sapphires. [Instantaneously embracing Tecla]—Do come—come as quickly as you can.

TECLA (kissing Bianca)—How sweet you are !

(The two young ladies take their bouquets, and, in the happiest mood imaginable, hasten away.

Breaking through the low-hanging-at-this-time-of-the-year, densely-leaved boughs of one of the aforementioned weeping willows, appears a gentleman in the prime of life, with the gun upon his arm. Deliberately advancing, he lays down the gun upon probably the identical spot which the young ladies had just left, and says) :

DR. GRAEFFE (calmly and thoughtfully)—Edwin ! Edwin ! My Edwin has got exactly the same passion to look for sapphires, and as yet, unfortunately, not find any. Nevertheless, he is quite right—all the treasures of the globe are to be found in California. Only labor, perseverance, and moderation in everything, and everybody becomes rich. Strange ! who can that lady have been ? Such a voice ! so melodious, sweet, and clear, like a silver bell. Perhaps a child ; more likely, however, a diamond, which Edwin has overlooked while his eye was intently fixed upon detecting the beautiful dark violet-blue of the sapphire. [Pensively]—Oh, man ! thou gatherest treasures—inanimate pebbles ; but leavest unnoticed the ever-living and inspiring love.

(The Doctor sits down, while his eyes search for an unhindered view over the blue waters of the gently-rippled lake into the distant hills, passing in the direction of Mr. Newton's handsome bowery of happiness, in order to enjoy with unspeakable delight the panoramic view of one of the finest landscapes which Nature has ever bountifully designed to please a feeling heart.)

How grand ! how superb ! How happy should every one be who, in good health of body and soul, resides in California ! What more exalted wisdom than to comparatively acknowledge the fact, and to fully and gratefully appreciate it ! A thousand dollars for a grand picture of this scene by Wandesforde, Campion or Watkins ! And how gladly would I take a hundred shares in a steam-ship line which should land the German immigrant direct from Hamburg in San Francisco, or *via* Aspinwall either, so long as New York is avoided, which is always kind enough to extend the hospitalities of the city and neighboring villages to immigrants an indefinite length of time.

(Suddenly rising, walks to and fro, and says) :

Edwin—most likely I shall cure him. No more is the glaucoma of the eye a dangerous defect than is the glaucoma of the soul ; which latter my experience of the world shall fathom thoroughly. Sickness of the soul, provided the pulse is otherwise quiet, I cure in my own simple way, with sugar-coated pills. To love, and to marry, are two verbs which a young gentleman of nineteen years of age generally conjugates incorrectly.

(Again sits down.)

Alas ! this identical first love, although unforgetful through life, the idiom of the soul's pre-existence—a divine creation, like the petal of a flower, by which the botanist recognizes the species—the fullest realization of the ideal of life, its highest spiritual flight, its most blissful imagination—how rarely, after all, does that love sanctify possession ! Nevertheless, this first love, as being the most priceless gift from Heaven, shall serve us as an undisputed, therefore an inestimable dowry to our real happiness, taking up its abode within the heart, upon the sacred threshold of which sweet indelible reminiscences of the past strew the blue forget-me-not, in order to be forever revered as the faithful guardian upon all our terrestrial wanderings.

In its first awakening, mirrors itself the dawn of the happiness of life, directing the heart to find the paths which lead towards it. Yet those paths, upon which happy youth makes a confidant of the gentle zephyr—oh ! they are almost always lost upon the endless plains of life. When, at the hand of Time, the sky becoming overcast, youth

is maturing into manhood, and is energetically and untiringly climbing over the rough boulders of ambition, then it is in particular the poet, the artist, and the composer of symphonies, to whom those heavenly paths, amidst their own storms of life, remain recognizable to some extent, accountable for only by the choice of their spiritually delightful avocations. Those gentlemen, then, are prepared to conduct to the theatre not alone their own, but the deeply-affected hearts of a general fashionable audience, rejuvenating love to the civilized world at large from the very boards of the stage.

(The Doctor suddenly stoops down, and picks up a small piece of gilt-edged paper, and reads):

“ ON PACHECO.

“ Wreath’d with sweet flowers thousandfold,
 Art cozily hid by loving May;
 Playful children do betray thy gold,
 And proud antlers of a stag’s array”—etc., etc.

(Smilingly)—Now it is clear the young lady is in love.

(Rising)—And Edwin, in all probability, likewise.

(Upon which the Doctor moved on, but had only gone a few steps when he observed two young gentlemen at a distance, adroitly getting over a fence and advancing towards him. The light color of the uniform of the Alumni, with its golden epaulettes glistening in the morning sun, enabled him to at once recognize his son Edwin in one of those elastic figures who were making for him at the rate of 2.40. Up to his safe arrival, the Doctor had got time enough to hold the following soliloquy):

It will be the best way to send Edwin traveling next year, after his term at college is over. Another country—another love. The parental home being too circumscribed, a young gentleman ought to go and see the world in order to become thoroughly acquainted with it, and be properly accomplished;—like the fruit, which, only when ripe, tastes delicious and refreshes.

In such a condition, he ought to marry, lest he may fall off the tree of life priceless and nearly useless, having become worm-eaten and picked by birds. Very similar to the eagle, which, in his aerial flights, sees nothing but the earth; and to which a lamb, black or white, before a palace or a hut, is but a lamb: so man, endowed with reason, should honorably care for his family, with an all-sacrificing love and devotion, by means of his own industrious labor, performed either mentally or manually, according as individual capacity is developed; and not merely labor for and protect the same, but fully comprehend that the general solution of the grand problem of social life, which alone exhibits progress prominently and is subordinate to the lawful rules of civilization, is found foremost in marriage.

EDWIN (approaching, and saluting his father while yet at a distance)—Dear father ! we intended to surprise you, and hoped to find you, surely, in a canoe. We would have swam towards you, that is certain.

DR. GRAEFFE—Pray, my dear son ! this is no lake for you to swim in. Not merely ducks rusticate here, but young ladies take an airing.

EDWIN (abashed)—Dear father ! pray what have you shot ?

DR. GRAEFFE—Well, not exactly ducks, and fibs, you know, I don't make ; but a sapphire I have got, which I shall keep, most certainly.

EDWIN (amazed, at the same time changing color)—Oh, father ! you joke, I am sure ! Here ! Sapphires ?

(Embracing his father, and looking him fondly in the face) :

Alas, father ! do speak ! Tell me all about it. Have the kindness to show me that treasure.

THE DOCTOR (laughing)—Now, that wouldn't be quite advisable yet. For the present, calm yourself, my son ! What is mine, is thine ; and a secret is a treasure as well.

ALFRED (who had in the meantime approached, says, suddenly) : Doctor ! we looked for you to ask permission to continue our studies of mineralogy in the vicinity of Martinez.

DR. GRAEFFE (pleased)—Ha, ha ! you are an amateur too ! Why not ? California is rich in precious jewels.

(Cordially shaking Alfred by the hand, he added, jocosely) :

Your mineralogical cabinet must have become very conspicuously beautiful !

ALFRED (abashed)—Doctor ! I will confess that it is highly attractive to be pleasantly engaged in such a search with friends.

DR. GRAEFFE (nodding):—Isn't it ? I am completely convinced of it, my boy ; in fact, have been equally enthusiastic while at your age, especially when in really delightful company. Besides, it is quite natural, and Edwin has now got the same taste.

ALFRED (gracefully):—Edwin and I have got very similar tastes, which explains our friendship.

THE DOCTOR (shouldering his gun, whispering):—I do declare those are gentlemen. Such men one may as well confide in at once ; how hugely their minds have expanded. Man is visibly maturing. Ear-

nestness and dignity, the foremost ornaments of a Chesterfield, are truly theirs.

About to go away, the DOCTOR put his hand into his pocket, drew forth his port-mannaie, and cheerfully presented Edwin with five twenty-dollar pieces—at the same time shaking both gentlemen by the hand, saying:—

Amuse yourselves, and return soon and in good health. My dear Alfred, present my compliments to your parents in Martinez, if you please. Apropos ! how many brothers and sisters have you got ?

ALFRED (politely):—My brother Rudolph, who is at present traveling in China, and my sister Bianca.

DR. GRAEFFE, (interested)—Indeed ! Your brother in China ? that is novel. Very likely a merchant ?

ALFRED:—I beg your pardon, sir. My brother is studying the language there, which my father thinks has become of very great importance to be made thoroughly acquainted with. My father bases his opinion upon the fact that steam having, so to say, annihilated geographical distances, affords to the civilized world a long desired opportunity of recognizing the barbaric one, in order to prove there, upon the spot, its superiority over the other, by applying its powerful principles of charity on all occasions which the vast commerce of the two countries affords so admirable an opportunity of practicing to mutual advantage.

DR. GRAEFFE:—Certainly a timely idea, and decidedly a far more intelligent one of endeavoring to know the language of a nation of four hundred millions of living people, the commerce of whom is highly important and of direct use to us, than to waste proportionately, precious time upon studying Greek and Latin, in order to fathom the philosophy of defunct nations, by the more than laborious and costly aid of the knowledge of their literature. Besides, the advantages derived from the latter being of a theoretical nature only, are neither practically applicable nor useful to the present enlightened age, except in comparatively isolated instances. As to the heroic deeds of a Cæsarean epoch, they may be a serviceable study for aristocratic Europe, but not for us in free and intelligent America.

We have long ago eschewed feudalism, and learned to care for nothing but the love of God, by the sunshine of a clear conscience, and then directly—for ourselves individually and collectively; by which practicable application of wisdom, strictly within reach of reason and eyesight, we value life and liberty, wealth and health, labor and time, and are twofoldly happy by enjoying life, and remaining ahead of the world, in all reasonable probability, for ever.

DR. GRAEFFE (suddenly)—And Miss Bianca ?

ALFRED—My sister I have brought with me ; she shall remain here with Mr. Waldsworth, who is a very kind gentleman, and a great friend of my father.

THE DOCTOR (softly, and with a lovely rebuke)—And you have not got her introduced to us!

ALFRED (abashed)—It appears her friend, Miss Tecla, has taken possession of her altogether.

THE DOCTOR (much interested)—And, pray, who is Miss Tecla ?

ALFRED (frankly)—Her parents reside in Grass Valley ; her name is Mallwitz. (Continues, elated)—Dear sir, Miss Tecla plays superbly on the piano !

THE DOCTOR (continues, likewise highly pleased)—Does she, indeed ? Why, that is important, to be sure.

ALFRED (delighted)—I assure you, dear sir, Miss Tecla possesses a talent so very conspicuous, that there is at Schubert's music-store, in Clay street, nothing sufficiently difficult for her to overcome. She has even astonished Professor Hartmann, who frankly declares, that after her studies shall have been completed, she may well rival in celebrity the two accomplished Misses Laemlein. Already she excels in her execution all the gifted scholars at Waldsworth, and various professors—for instance, Messrs. Holstein, Seib, and Delventhal—are deeply impressed with the wonderful richness of her performance and the precocity of her talent.

THE DOCTOR (softly and friendly)—My dear Alfred, you will promise me one thing—that you and your dear sister, as well as her friend Miss Tecla, will pay us a visit as soon as possible, and as often as you may be pleased to do so. Mrs. Graeffe will likewise be happy to make your acquaintance. As to Mr. and Mrs. Waldsworth, they will no doubt approve of it. Of course, I shall personally endeavor to conquer from those friends the necessary permission, for form's sake. It is doubly pleasing to me that the young ladies are so well cared for. And in regard to the aforementioned professors of music, they are well known as being highly competent to fully develop the brilliant talents of the young ladies.

ALFRED—Dear sir, I cannot refrain from thanking you, in the name of all of us ; and joyfully assure you, that we shall very much appreciate the honor of being permitted to visit your home.

EDWIN (a little impatient)—Oh, father ! now do permit us to call at Mr. Waldsworth's, and request that gentleman to telegraph at once, that we be authorized to take the ladies with us.

THE DOCTOR (quickly)—Above all, have the young ladies consented to go ?

ALFRED—Oh, Doctor ! we shall beg very hard.

DR. GRAEFFE—Well, then, do hurry ; it is already nine o'clock. The carriage I shall have attended to. John shall drive.

EDWIN AND ALFRED (joyfully)—A thousand thanks ! We shall be quick—so very quick !

EDWIN (suddenly)—Father ! allow me to carry your gun.

DR. GRAEFFE (while handing him the gun, the powder-flask and shot-pouch, laughingly)—The caps I shall keep. A passion to hunt might disquiet you.

EDWIN AND ALFRED (saluting the Doctor, walk quietly away, saying)—Good-bye !

DR. GRAEFFE (looking after them)—Ah ! happy love ! charming spring of life ! Oh, may its dream last through it ! The deeper the soul is inflamed, the longer the time ere the fire of love is extinguished. Its all-consuming element destroys the allurements of a fast life, conducting youth safely over the dangerous, badly-matched cliffs of unknown shores, leading towards his future thorough happiness ; enabling him, in due course of time, to prove himself to be a man by the strength of his fortitude, which he may be called upon to display while suffering from the disappointment of the realization of his earliest, fondest, and dearest hopes.

In this love, which has first germinated from the care of worthy and loving parents, rests securely the great power of morality ; its ideal fondly embraces the almighty Creator, in child-like innocence—the world, with joyful looks and generous confidence. Invigorated by hope, it never dies—is eternal as the soul itself.

Yes, that's it ! I shall afford him every reasonable opportunity of finding with his Bianca a heaven upon earth. Sure of her love, he will not grieve so much at parting next year. Stimulating his honor, as that love does, to carve out for himself an honorable career, that image impressed upon his heart may indeed prove a great instrumentality by which he will be powerfully assisted in attaining to and reaching a probably great eminence in life ; at the same time preventing him from listening to what is vicious and bad, and wasting his leisure hours upon what is useless and frivolous.

Woe to those parents who endeavor to suffocate and destroy the first, this heaven-inspired love in their children, by bartering heaven to earth with purely worldly stakes of interest—thus exposing the true and lasting happiness of their own children to the dire, abject poverty of their souls, through all the future of their lives.

Above all, I must consult my wife. Her look is sharp—she will be particular in knowing Bianca.

(Suddenly)—Certainly, it is all right ! They must all come to my house before they can leave for Martinez. (Walks off.)

(The curtain falls.)



THE SECOND ACT.

(The same scenery as before, during the first act.)—You suddenly listen to loud singing in an opposite direction to which the Doctor had departed and are not disappointed in finding four students promenading arm in arm singing:

Gaudiamus igitur
Juvenesdum sumus
Habitare fratres,
Fratres in unum,
Unum et jucundum,
Unum et jucundum.

The gentlemen having at last arrived upon the same spot as mentioned before, disperse around the same and rejoice vociferously, in ecstatic admiration of the magnificent panorama which presents itself to their views upon which says—

WEBSTER—I should very much like to know where Graeffe is!

CLAY—Hav'nt you heard? He shall continue his studies at Berlin!

SUMNER—Likewise Schoenlein, who is said to have got relatives there.

SCHURZ—As to myself I should prefer studying Bismarck.

CLAY—And I to receive from him the vow of a Republican.

WEBSTER—As I do not only admire his plans for unification, which makes me regard his patriotism, I should but like to impress upon his heart the duty of tolerance; of aiding to lift up the masses to liberty and happiness.

SCHURZ—Especially now as the way to it is apparently made free. In a political atmosphere as at present purified, the old feudal spirit of caste will soon wane amid so abundant a development of the mind, and the debris be hurled in true student's manner, as if it were witchcraft, into the old ivied ruins of their distenanted castles.

SUMNER—The “soon” I am afraid we have to give a large margin to!

SCHURZ—Merit paves its own way, presented by capability as derived from the divine mind, and duly brought forth, expanded and offered to sight by the aid of free and good schools; it is ever correctly weighed by justice, which, like the Creator, never slights anything, not even a worm.

SUMNER—But who is it that exercises justice in monarchies? Pray, is it man or the aristocrat? Do you intend blaspheming the Creator? rank an aristocrat among His creations?—the idea! Whenever you shall have detected, by aid of your telescope, the stars upon his breast reflecting meteor-like within the milky way upon the canopy of heaven and the broad daylight, arousing all creation to life shall have shown him to you unembossed by patronage and power; valued by merit only, placed by merit only and paid by merit only, thus personally aiding to progress and happy within his mind of having done naught but his duty to his best ability, honestly toward God and mankind, then, sir, and then only, after man has found man, mayest thou rest firmly assured of the justice of God dispensing His mercies impartially.

SCHURZ—Germany is moving in that direction.

SUMNER—Sounding the alarm?

CLAY—At least, you'll admit that she has conquered for herself and Europe a long and lasting peace, and will now sow and reap—manufacture and make money.

SUMNER—With the knapsack upon her back, and the sabre dangling at her side.

SCHURZ—An old, superannuated fashion from Paris.

SUMNER—Then you had better introduce the Dolly-Varden.

SCHURZ—In such a manner did Socrates answer Alcibiades.

SUMNER—And by far more impressively did Washington answer General Howe.

SCHURZ—Our international policy is not the foreign policy of monarchical governments.

SUMNER—So much the worse—so much the more deplorable! because it proves, beyond a doubt, that the monarchical form of government as based upon force abroad—and within, prevents the full development of morality among the people, as consequent upon prescribed liberty; besides offending the common sense of a people who have advanced to the right of being styled a civilized nation. The idea that the Government only has got an undisputed right of shielding the country against invasion, and of maintaining order within, implies the presumption of a belief that the people, of whom they themselves form the minority, cannot do it. More than that, it lays bare the utter selfishness of the principle of aristocracy, as arrogating to itself the absorbance of the inalienable rights of man—his indus-

try—his free-will ; in short, is retarding instead of advancing progress. No better proof of this than America : that all civilization is dutifully subordinate to one great truth ; and that is, the lawful respect for personal liberty. We have demonstrated this truth to Europe for the last ninety-six years, quite quietly ; and, at last, have made it quite lively by it.

SCHURZ—I cannot but quote history, which shows the necessity of self-defense and self-preservation.

SUMNER—Bah ! Feudal times !

SCHURZ—Well, then, do take the latest facts.

SUMNER—The power of France over Europe is crushed, which ends the feudal times ; besides, has at last succeeded in convincing the world of the impossibility of settling difficulties of any kind by the aid of murderous shot, without either shocking the civilized world, or drawing forth, in all its force, the revenge of the barbaric one, as consequent upon the exercise and indulgence of fury. If that was not an admitted fact, the mythological Mars would be again considered infallible ; the people, thus oppressed, continue to live and die in abject poverty ; and the republic, the only guarantee of the social happiness of a civilized nation, be again suspended for an indefinite length of time.

Inasmuch, however, as we do not strictly value republics only as civilized nations, although we never sympathize with monarchical forms of government, as for ever abjured in 1776, we are nevertheless bound by the principles of charity which pervade our institutions, to interest ourselves at all times in the welfare of mankind ; never despairing to see the remotest cannibal redeemed to civilization. Of course, we do not interfere politically abroad ; because we do not presume to follow the fashion of operating upon the reason of man after his soul has already fled to heaven in the tug of wars. All we can do is to exercise our moral influence upon civilized nations as to disarmament, and to make it obvious to all the world, by the constant prosperity of our own republic, that it is the only form of government, in a civilized age, which guarantees peace as an invulnerable shield to the liberty of man.

CLAY—The mind which applies steam so intelligently, and has learned to interpret nature more wisely than before, is not only developed much stronger to day, but paves the way for its own happiness and that of all mankind much more certainly than was accomplished in the past ; which makes it reasonably sure that man, with such a genius, shall at least understand how to succeed lawfully in freeing himself from oppression all over the civilized world.

SUMNER—Listen, Clay ! If you commence to talk of the myth of the commencement of the world's progress in refinement, and are at the same time aware that Europe maintains to-day, by the sweat of its brow, about five millions of soldiers ready to do battle, fully withdrawn from the peaceful pursuits of labor, I am afraid it will require many years before it is in the power of the people there to set man at liberty, and to guarantee his happiness.

SCHURZ—A new era dates from the time of the last war, in which Bismarck has dissolved the balance of power as wielded through the principles of the monarchical form of government, and brilliantly and strongly coated over with the varnish of hereditary aristocracy—with the powerful spiritual essence of a general and competent education.

SUMNER—The form is changed, but the substance is not dissolved, by any means.

CLAY — By-and-by [quotes Liebig] “ The principle of republicanism being charity, the exercise of which constitutes the nobility of the soul, it becomes evident that such an intellectual and moral power must not only eventually, but speedily, succeed in subjugating what is eminently physical and coercive.”

SCHURZ—Bismarck allows himself to be sternly led by history while he firmly faces the presence. Historically he knows the French, and practically he now concentrates free from preventives of a serious kind, the whole Germanic race, as monarchically domineered over by distinct dynasties, in order to create a numerical strength, so vast that it must forever prove a safeguard against the re-occurrence of wars, by the very force of circumstances. Such a state of things will also prevent France from listening a third time to her own monarchical adherents, who have twice upset the republic, and would try it a third time if not foiled as above. Thus, intentionally or not, Bismarck takes into hands the cause of true humanity, as America views it and thereby is, of course, furthering Republicanism, whether or not. Possessed of too brilliant a genius, it is not reasonably to be apprehended that he should not be aware that public opinion in all Europe is now rising to vigorously attack the honor of the aristocrat, and to surely conquer the strong Achilles in the heel.

SUMNER—You don't say, as if the world didn't know it before. 'Pon honor, Lieutenant, when the aristocrat shall have been cured of hallucination, as Schiller has it, the “ Wahn ” shall have plainly recognized himself in mirror, and shall have correctly understood the

great doctrine of resurrection, then and then only are you right, is Achilles conquered in the heel. Up to that time, however, which is somewhat veiled by future and procrastinated, by the study of Punic wars, and other superlative anti-liberal vices will he do if you let him, try, saber in hand. to pronounce himself infallible, proclaiming by the roar of the cannon that force is reason and reason a farce. (Laughing)—Let us rather sing as melodiously as we can, Yankee Doodle, and thank the host of hosts that we live happily in free America.

(All are singing Yankee Doodle.)

WEBSTER—How sacred our oath of 1776.

CLAY—It is an addendum to religion, in which the soul recognizes the imperishable happiness of life under the vaulted canopy of heaven.

SUMNER—Approaches all mankind kindly and peaceably, with one hand fraternally sympathizing with the unfortunate and with the other rejoicing at the happiness of the fortunate, banishes hate, revenge and murder, honors the person, his merit and his right; and finds heaven upon earth in a clear conscience.

WEBSTER—

Honors the fair sex, fondles the child,
Guardest sweet joy, blissful so wild,
May fall not a prey to veil'd future.

CLAY—

Victorious is fidelity,
Sacrifice o' love's sincerity,
In each triumph of the rising sun
Sorrow shall wane which we have begun.

SCHURZ—

What would remain of civilization?
Of the spirit of the times, progress of a nation?
Naught but to cover well an animated mass
Of body perishable in its tenement of glass;
For that life's breath does lift you at each step anew
That thou mayst see a heaven's love renew.

SUMNER—

It's our purpose thus to please the Deity,
That from under archways high in liberty,
We honor friendship for His sake.

WEBSTER—

Continue unabatingly to educate.

CLAY—

To steadily ennoble.

WEBSTER—Did one so appeal feelingly and directly to the courage and dignity of the world, it would bring about a second grand migration of peoples in spite of all Bismarckian policies.

SCHURZ—

Who inherit there the German name?
 Shall heir be to the Hindoo's train,
 And convert him, the cannibal forlorn,
 By the one word "truth" that he is born.

Earthquakes and science having divided the earth into five distinct parts, whom should spring find there to salute?

WEBSTER—We had better salute our spring by migration to Tubbs' Hotel. What do you think?

(All are singing):
 "Edite, bebite collegiales,
 Post multa secula pocula nulla."

SUMNER—Good! and the Grand Central Park being close by, we have at once one of the most handsome retreats in this earthly paradise!

CLAY—And the earth being round, we may as well afterwards continue on to Temescal, where at Gataneo's, the friend of Garibaldi, we can study astronomy and gastronomy in a highly satisfactory manner.

SCHURZ—Friends! how charming is friendship! how ennobling true tolerance! Like flowers upon the meadow or mountain top, should man meet man, peaceably; and like flowers in a well-cultivated garden should civilized people greet and befriend each other with true brotherly affection.

CLAY—The most charming of all forms of creation are the ladies.

WEBSTER—Beyond a doubt! Comparable only to the sun, with its revivifying warmth.

CLAY—You are in love, Webster!

SCHURZ—You are in hopes, Webster! Hope, sister of presence, conducts happiness safely through the garden walks of civilization into the bowery of nuptial bliss.

SUMNER—Even if storms prevail, the garden walks remain, and you—

CLAY—Friend! we are, happily, too young to know anything of sorrow, and too careless to desire its acquaintance.

WEBSTER—Friends! I shall rely upon my own luck—love, and sleep soundly in the arms of Morpheus until the daybreak of my predestined happiness.

A VOICE (from behind the tree)—"A faint heart never won fair lady" from Providence yet, Agassiz!

(All four friends disappear instantly in the direction of that voice from behind a densely-leaved willow tree.)

(*End of the Second Act.*)

THIRD ACT.

A drawing-room at the house of the Hon'ble Senator Schoenlein, in Martinez.

Mrs. Senator Schoenlein, reclining in an arm chair, and using sal-volatile, pensively :

Bianca, I think, will accept him ; indeed, she ought to say, Yes. The chances with Edwin are too risky ; it'll take altogether too long a time before he is in a position to support a wife. Does'nt even write regularly—at least, not during the last eighteen months. Besides, he remains in Europe too long to please me much.

On the other side, Bianca ! years fleet fast and past. One summer chases another, until it is autumn by way of a change. She is like a rose in full bloom, with its odor sweetest—but so only in a garden ; it graces no heart, adorns no bouquet, delighting no one but the passer-by, and even him accidentally ; it is, in fact, at the mercy, more or less tenderly, of the gardener, attracting no especial attention except from humming-birds and butterflies. I, as a mother who dearly loves her child, should prevent my rose from wasting her sweetness on the desert air, especially in California, where there is no excuse for any one not being led to the hymeneal altar.

As to their respective characters, it is my opinion they do not harmonize at all together. Bianca is all life, and very fond of society ; Edwin, sentimental and calm, bordering upon dullness. While, if I take our new visitor, Mr. Lucky, I must say, he appears altogether more suitable. Although neither very handsome nor remarkably entertaining, neither young nor sprightly, he is at least equally elegant and genteel. Besides, and above all other accessory qualifications, he is a marrying man—for the moment, rich ; it is probable he will remain so.

“ Nil desperandum ! ” he will say in Latin, and in English “ Never despair ! ” and he is right. The idea, though, that he avers he loves Bianca, after having seen her but once, is somewhat eccentric, at least funny ; although quite enough to awaken a lively interest in Bianca, and to astonish me ;—as if I didn't know better than that an experienced gentleman of his standing should not have harbored the sweet sentiment of love in his dear heart before ! Who his first love may have been, of course, remains veiled by the past. It is of no use for me to try to find it out. Upon being remonstrated with, he would very politely say, “ Gone ! ” and sigh deeply--and I be as wise as I ever was.

(Using *sal-volatile*)—Oh, what *shall* I do? It concerns my child—her happiness through life is at stake. Well off—rich, in fact, as we are, Bianca might wait any length of time, as far as that goes, and speculate upon 'Change, according to fashion; Schoenlein, however, rejects the idea flatly, by saying that one wants a partner for a large enterprise at once. It may be so, after all, for what I know. Anyhow, Bianca is bent upon residing in San Francisco. She is the observed of all observers—she is a belle; and her bills at the White House—in fact, all over Kearny and Montgomery streets, prove it quite lucidly; and that is all right. The opera is her *bijou*, and the opera-glass a companion which she does not permit to leave her a minute.

(Suddenly rising, and ringing a little silver bell, Mrs. Senator Schoenlein continued)—I have made up my mind.

JULIA enters (knocking)—Madam, what do you wish?

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Be pleased to tell Miss Bianca that I wish to see her.

JULIA (exit)—

Mrs. Senator Schoenlein stepping to the bureau, opens it and takes from it an *etui* and a letter, which latter she peruses.

Bianca, softly entering, approaches her mother like a will o' the wisp, and says affectionately:

Dear mother, what do you desire?

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (seriously)—Child, neither do I command you, nor do I beg of you to accept those diamonds, but to simply estimate the value which the *gift* has got for you.

BIANCA (in ecstasy, ejaculating)—My dear, own mother, is Lucky the gallant one?

Mrs. Senator Schoenlein (touched to the quick) looks at her in astonishment; but Bianca does not give her time to answer, continuing:

Believe me, dear mother, diamonds are worth a great deal to all people, including myself.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (seriously)—Are you speaking from your heart, and have you seriously reflected upon what you have just said!

BIANCA—What heart could remain calm at this moment, and what lady find time to reflect much?

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Listen to me Bianca, you had better cease to think dolefully of Edwin, and begin to act sensibly, by substitut-

ing Mr. Lucky for him, then you may commence at once to rise conspicuously upon the horizon of fashion. Here, please read this letter.

BIANCA (embracing her mother, and kissing her fondly) said, after a glance over the letter:

Dearest mother! I am convinced that Lucky is not bad—only odd. Edwin is good, but acts strangely because he never yet surprised me with diamonds; but this is not at all the point. I'll tell you what vexes me. Think of it! he prefers traveling among the Alps of Switzerland with scions of the British nobility, instead of with me on Lake Tahoe.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—I see you are a wife born for a broker; to-day rich, to-morrow poor. If your husband fails in business, you fail too. What are the odds? But should you, in such a dilemma, be deprived of his love, and entirely through his own weakness, then come your trials, although an all-wise Providence and your future remain to you.

BIANCA—Father has made ample inquiries. The acquaintances of Mr. Lucky, and his credit are excellent, his wealth in stocks large, in fact there is nothing that I know, which might be viewed as an objection. His life is the exchange, and in the afternoon the Cliff House, where he enjoys himself in a forlorn manner, by watching the dash of the surf, and the huge sea lions tumbling off the rocks into the briny deep. Evenings he plays chess, at which scientific game father says he is very skillful, and which proves incontestibly that he is accustomed to think clearly and deeply; also does he read much, and good authors only, being of opinion that a person who writes an entertaining book guarantees to one, by what he therein relates, a pleasant evening. Ma, for that he is a bachelor and ought to be excused; shouldn't he? I think I can love that man, and he too is so quick about it.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Prizes and blanks. So with marriage. Life is influenced manifoldly. For instance, what we call future this side of demise, is nothing more than our sensible acting during the presence of life after it has duly arrived. In the past of yesterday you didn't know the declaration of love and marriage of to-day, as accompanied by a gift which does not reasonably permit you to doubt its sincerity. Exactly so with sorrow. What interests Mr. Lucky in you so much that, in case you should marry him, you ought to endeavor to preserve for him, and you will have no sorrows to lament, because, quite simply you do not afford his love an opportunity of diminishing in rapture, and as long as man himself does not

sink in his own estimation of a gentleman, you may firmly rely upon him, that he loves as devotedly, sacrificingly and truly, as the lady does whose duty as a wife it is to confide in her husband.

BIANCA. Dearest mother, I pretty nearly comprehend what you say. The presence everything—the future nothing at all besides simply the presence absorbs all my time. As Lucky assures me upon his word of honor that he loves me, and says he would be altogether inconsolable if I did not love him in return, moreover, accompanies his flattering sentiments in so tangible and binding a manner I think, honor bright, that I am in duty bound to accept his love and feel so really. As to Edwin he talks love beautifully in phrases, there is no doubt of it, accompanied by allegorical pictures made very enticing, but does not accompany his assurances either by himself personally, or by souvenirs of a riveting kind, so that I do prefer those set diamonds to the New Mexican ones as inconvertible into substantial love or pocket money either.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Settled, and right. You marry Mr. Lucky, don't you ?

BIANCA—Yes, dear mother, with your and father's permission.

Suddenly embracing her mother, and nestling her beautiful little head upon her heart she sighs:

Oh! mother! I cannot leave you.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—My child, don't.

Bianca, kissing the mother passionately, appears suddenly quite shocked, saying:

Oh! mother! shall I tell you something? this Mr. Lucky uses tobacco.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN.—Bianca! I beg of you, don't be childish, and make yourself ridiculous at this moment. Did you ever! Tobacco! Why, do you suppose man is a Bactrian camel, that traverses the desert? The use of tobacco—all you have to do is to wean him from it. You may well console yourself that Mr. Lucky lives generally genteelly, which his appearance best guarantees. As long as a gentleman does not appear in public with decay upon his visage and in his wardrobe, the world is always charitable enough to think that he is getting along in it the best way he can. Of small vices, everybody has got one or more. Whatever the civilization of the age has legitimately introduced to be partaken of, is there for universal benefit, and to be used in a moderate manner, as a matter of course.

No more can a person exist on bread and water only, than he can on love. Ours is a free and rich country, in which everybody does as he likes, and sound sense surely gets the better of wisdom.

AUNT GÜTIG (stepping into the room)—And I tell you, Bianca, never forget that this is a free country, where women have their rights as well as men ; and that, whether head or hand work, we require but one thing, and that is, that every one converts personally the little he knows into money.

The land of ancestry we have left behind, of yore. We ennoble ourselves, and don't allow any one else to do it for us. Proofs endless of this are exhibited in our universal affluence and happiness. All civilization emanates from gentility, and gentility from refinement ; so it is the inward, decorous feeling of delicacy, with which we think and act, that leads to happiness. Therefore the feeling of charity, which is refinement practiced in life, and without which gentility is incomplete, pervades all civilization, and is the pivot of our glorious institutions. Remark, it costs nothing to be good ; furthermore, that civilization has but one aim, which is, to make every one so good. The gift of life is heavenly and free. To be thoroughly charitable, decorous, and genteel, is to rejoice at the happiness, the luck, the wealth of others, without being envious ; as well as to voluntarily commiserate with the poor and needy, by word and deed. It is liberty republicanized, personal freedom publicly and privately applied.

In this manner, you select your own friends by your own choice ; and so others have got the same rights and privileges. Everybody to his taste. The happiness of one is subordinate to the happiness of all whom the American flag covers ; in fact, the principle includes all mankind, as redeemable to civilization, for ages to come. Our oath is eternal ; there is no renegading from it, lest the unhappy individual be afflicted with an unsound mind.

Our progress, therefore, is constant, universal, and indissoluble, like the Union which guarantees the very permanency of its blessings to us ; while, at the same time, it encourages the civilized world at large to follow our example, in order to fulfill its destiny.

So be pleased, Bianca, to observe, that charity is the nucleus of all civilization. Your marriage is a charitable act. The marriage of every one—for instance, your maid servant, the poor emigrant who came here to serve you in order to save her earnings, to do what ? to marry—for which she is born ; and whose children may some day occupy higher positions than, possibly, your own.

My dear Bianca, that is what we understand by the universal Yankee nation ; personified independence, leading to individual happiness and collective liberty, to be enjoyed for ever.

(Julia enters slowly, and hands a visiting-card to Mrs. Senator Schoenlein.)

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (with one look upon the card)—Oh, Julia ! be quick ! conduct the gentleman here.

Do you, Bianca ! remain here.

(Hurrying towards the door, opening it widely, she almost immediately observed Mr. Lucky.)

Oh, my dearest friend ! a hearty welcome ! I am so glad to see you !

(Offering her hand to him, she said) :

Pray be seated—here, near me, if you please.

(Pointing to an arm-chair.)

And now, my dear friend, please tell me all about it—the excitement at the Exchange, to which you refer in your letter, you know, in regard to the newly-discovered diamond field. Where was it ? I forgot. New Mexico, wasn't it ? Is it really so—a fixed fact ?

HERONIMUS LUCKY (in white vest, elegantly attired *a la* Steil of the Occidental, having taken a seat near Mrs. Senator Schoenlein, said) —Madam ! there can be no doubt any longer ; the diamonds are there. The commencement is made. The stock is going up.

(Drawing forth a small pocket-book, he said, as he handed certain papers to the lady) :

And this small item—may it please you, Madam, to accept these shares as a token of my sincere regard for yourself and family, and the earnestness with which I humbly trust you will be pleased to receive my attentions to your daughter.

(Bowing, he added) :

It is everywhere so viewed, if we brokers present stock we are in earnest. We try to manifest our sincerity by it.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—My dear Lucky ! Upon the name of Bianca ?

(Bianca, standing in the bow window, appears greatly agitated—blushes abundantly, while she looks toward Mr. Lucky, who is approaching her.)

HERONIMUS LUCKY—My dearest Bianca ! I could not possibly pacify my heart, which yearned to strew joy upon your path of life ; so I pictured you to myself as a rose, which, before dawn of day, is beloved and adorned by dew-drops.

BIANCA (slowly reaching out her hand to Mr. Lucky)—Friend ! from my heart, let me thank you ; and, as a rose diffuses its sweet odor until it is no more, so long shall I happily remember you.

LUCKY (kissing her hand passionately, quite beside himself)—Oh Bianca ! How shall I adequately express my love for you in words ?

BIANCA—Love is always meagre of words ; rich it is in sweetness and in strength ; it is life.

LUCKY (sinks down upon his knees before her)—Then, please take mine.

BIANCA—Rise, Heronimus ! Your life I shall deprive you of ? shall make me miserable ! shall be your death ! [throwing herself into his arms.] Every minute I shall count ; every kiss put to account, shall make you happy, make you live forever.

While both lovers were keeping books on joint account by double-entry, Senator Schoenlein makes his appearance suddenly.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (observing her husband entering the room, winks lively and on tiptoe, lisps)—Engaged !

BIANCA (recognizing her father, disentwines herself softly from the embrace of Heronimus, and flies toward her father)—Alas, my father ! my dear father, how can I ever part from you ?

SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—My sweetest child, it is bitter to part from what we love ; but it is the course the world takes ; how shall it exist otherwise ? I bless you. [Kisses Bianca with great fervency.]

MR. LUCKY (having drawn quietly near says)—Pardon me, Senator, that I have trespassed upon form and not first solicited your generous sanction to my marriage with your daughter.

THE SENATOR (shaking Heronimus cordially by the hand)—My dear friend, this sanction I cheerfully grant you, because I hold myself convinced of your love to Bianca, being altogether irresistible [laughingly]. In fact, I can realize your position ; Mrs. Schoenlein likewise. Both of us pardon gladly any little discrepancy which a loving heart innocently commits, having to relinquish much which the heart loves most, because in the happiness and welfare of children mirrors itself the contentment of parents.

(Upon which colloquy, Mr. Lucky approaches Mrs. Senator Schoenlein very respectfully, and after having politely and dutifully kissed her hand, says) :—

Dearest mother ! how shall I ever show myself worthy of so much kindness ? express my deep-felt gratitude to you ?

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (reaching out both her hands to Heronimus)—My friend ! esteem Bianca, while you love her, and your happiness will be permanent. In that manner Cupid strews his joys forever from his panacopia called Civilization. Mutual attention keeps alive love's constant yearnings. Delicacy and attention assure nuptial bliss through life. The policy you can easily pay ; love is rich, victorious and eternal.

AUNT GÜTIG—And, my friend, never go to Europe. You absolutely learn nothing there which is good for a philanthropist and republican. If you want to roam, prefer the many charming springs of Eureka, and her lakes and mountain scenery so incomparably lovely ; and if that is not enough for you, go to the Yosemite Valley, or ascend still higher Mounts Shasta, Hood, Whitney or St. Helens, and you have all the Mont Blancs of the Swiss Alps you can possibly need ; always provided Bianca permits you to risk your dear life upon any such elevated adventures.

(Julia enters with a visiting card, which she approaches Mrs. Senator Schoenlein with.)

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN (aloud)—A visit ; a Mr. A. Emsig.

HERONIMUS LUCKY (frightened)—Oh, my friend Emsig, whom I have altogether forgotten at the Hotel.

MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Julia, please be quick, conduct the gentleman here.

(Mr. Lucky hastening toward the door to meet the gentleman, first says, while Mr. Emsig enters.)

Oh, in my joy I have forgotten you altogether. Pray, do pardon me.

MR. EMSIG (bowing in all directions)—Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for this intrusion, I was inconsolable in regard to my friend.

(Bianca advances toward Mr. Emsig.)

BIANCA—That is my fault, sir.

MR. EMSIG (bowing)—Then Miss Schoenlein (I suppose I have the honor of addressing Miss Schoenlein) I have every reason to be jealous.

(Mr. Lucky instantaneously introducing Mr. Emsig to the ladies separately and the Senator.)

Mr. Emsig, my most intimate friend.

(Mr. Emsig bows gracefully to each lady and the Senator—Mr. Lucky continuing to introduce.)

And to you, my friend, my bride and her generous parents.

(Mr. Emsig very politely saluting, and beside himself with joy, addresses Heronimus.)

What! you engaged! Alas! friend, let me congratulate you, most cordially so. How I rejoice at your happiness.

(Suddenly serious)—And I! how I feel at this moment that I have made a terrible *faux pas* of not having married. Have you, Heronimus, been hitherto my only friend, my diversion my second I, so my inanimate wealth, with its superfluous companion “ambition,” shall henceforth vex and annoy me. What is Cræsus compared with a Rothschild? and what am I, after all, compared with Cræsus? That is, in a few words, my grief exposed in all its labyrinthian vastness; it lays bare the ominous fact that there is no end to ambition. In the mean time I don’t know that I am happy, don’t feel that I have every reason to be so; my heart beats so lonely and is so sad.

MR. EMSIG (taking both hands of Heronimus) said—And now tell me once more; tell it me seriously and irrevocably, are you engaged?

HERONIMUS LUCKY (quietly)—Yes, my friend.

MR. EMSIG—Then, my friend, my dear friend, which you are, obey, I beg of you. I shall make you a present of my new house near Lake Merritt, which, by-the-by, is the handsomest of all the palaces which constitute that patrician quarter, as so superbly designed by the original owner of that paradisiacal neighborhood: and you agree to accept it as a lasting token of my friendship to you, while I go traveling for years to come, and you do not dissuade me from it. In your sanction, rests the sincerity of my friendship.

MR. LUCKY (shaking the hand of Mr. Emsig, says, with great emphasis)—Friend, you are beyond precedent kind and generous; permit me to thank you a thousand times. As you honor friendship, so I shall honor and love you, next to my Bianca, as the principal guardian of my happiness.

MR. EMSIG (solemnly)—My friend, you are now aware that I have got heart enough to wish you the blessings of Heaven; but you must know that I feel so sad, that I beg of you not to feel offended, if my appearance does not quite correspond with my sentiments. I feel it really too deeply that, with all my wealth, I cannot pacify my heart; being annoyed at having to die intestate. Besides, time presses heavily upon me, as usual, and I must now be back to San Francisco.

AUNT GÜTIG—Pardon me, sir. Your frankness has quite touched me. If you please, listen to what I shall tell you, and then take due note of it.

Inasmuch as there never was yet a speculation without hope, and just as sure and certain as everyone meets with losses in life, so I predict to you that you will lose your heart. Then you shall have found your own happiness fully provided for by the double wealth of contentment and ease, at the cheerful fireside of your own comfortable and sweet home.

MR. EMSIG (bowing)—My dear madame, you will perhaps be pleased to give me credit for politeness, if I do not in the least doubt that you are—upon the subject of terrestrial happiness—the most enlightened and far-seeing lady whom I ever have had the honor of being introduced to, and that I consequently agree with you perfectly as to what would become of me, if I were impecunious to-day. Of course, I would strive to find the wealth of love, and try it for once and forever to base my sole happiness upon it; but as life appears to me too short now for such a radical state of things generally, and also Cupid, I dare say, has long ago passed in my direction, I fear that it will be but a stray humming-bird, and nothing else, my visits to friends and the club excepted, which shall henceforth enliven and divert me in my lonely hours, when in my conservatory, sipping my coffee, inhaling my Havana, and reading Krause's effusions of love.

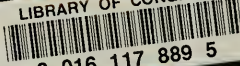
MRS. SENATOR SCHOENLEIN—Impossible, that in this storm, you can safely return to San Francisco. Excuse me, sir; none of us could possibly permit it.

(The curtain falls.)

OAKLAND, October 10, 1872.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 889 5

